

Into the Open air

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Summary: The tides have turned for Berk as the Outcasts and Berserker invasions become more frequent. Facing defeat the tribe is left to find a new aliance, even if it is with Highlanders. Hiccup is willing to fight to her death for her village, but is she willing to give up her freedom, her home, and even Toothless? Genderbent Mericcup

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The great hall was almost empty when Hiccup and Toothless arrived. Which made sense, considering it was currently only a few hours until sunrise. All the torches on the walls had been extinguished and the only light came from the center fire pit, casting light on the only other figure in the room. The only person present was her father, Chief Stoick the Vast, staring into the dying fire. "There's been another attack while you were gone." Stoick said, not bothering to look up, the distinct uneven sounds of one metal foot gave her away. Hiccup winced, she should have been there, and she knew that there was a possibility that the Berserkers or the outcasts would come, but she had hoped that she would be back in time for the next attack. She reached into the saddle bag on Toothless saddle, pulling out two scrolls. "I went to the Bog Burglar Tribe, and the Meatheads," Hiccup said handing her father the letters. He opened them quickly, scanning through. He already knew what they would say. Vikings loved a good fight, they weren't one to back down, but asking them to join a war they weren't part of? And a war in which the enemy had such a great advantage? The tribes had survived this long, and were not going to risk it, they said no. "What are we going to do?" Hiccup asked dejected, she had already heard the answers from the chiefs herself. Why won't the tribes help? Don't they understand that we are not going to survive if we don't get help soon? Stoick new exactly what they needed to do, but had hoped they could find help a little closer to home first. He didn't want to break the news just yet. "What we need to do is have a meeting about this, tomorrow, at noon. For now you should go to bed." He said patting his daughters shoulder.

"Alright," Hiccup yawned. "See you then" she said getting up. Leaning heavily on Toothless she walked out the door. Stoick sighed, watching her go. What was he going to do? The war was getting worse; he had no idea that the Outcasts had amassed so many people, were they all even banished Vikings? Could the Outcasts be getting their warriors from somewhere else? The armadas that bombarded the Hooligan shore roughly every two weeks were like dragon attacks, but worse. The Outcasts were far more ruthless than Dragons, not surprising though, considering the dragons had been looking for food, while the Outcasts were out for blood. And the Berserkers! If one crazy tribe wasn't bad enough Berk had to deal with two! Led by Dagur the Deranged they were fearsome. For such a stupid man, he came up with horrible plans that lived up to the Deranged part of his title. And worst of all his plots were always focused on his daughter and her demon of a dragon. It had gotten so bad that every time the Berserkers raided Berk their main target was Hiccup. The moment any of the Berserkers saw her they would focus on her. Now Hiccup couldn't even help in battling the Berserkers. To make matters worse, somehow they had gotten their hands on Hiccup's bola launcher, and now every ship had at least one, others were brought onto the island, why did Hiccup have to make them so mobile? Fighting on dragon back had become virtually impossible. Sometimes the chief wondered if all the warring could have been prevented. If Oswald was still alive, if the dragon secret was kept under better wraps, if Hiccup had never trained a dragon. Think of how great that would be! Of course the dragon battles would still be going on, but those were nothing compared to these wars. His people were happier back then. It had been five years since the Green Death. The first two were great; finally his daughter had found a way to be useful. A true Viking! Then the Outcasts started causing them problems, but they were no match for Hiccup's brains. The Berserkers became a problem about a year after the Outcast, but it was something Berk could handle. Until they couldn't. It was sometime after the third winter with dragons that the fighting grew more intense. Suddenly the monthly attacks from both tribes doubled, and Berk was beginning to loose. The attacks frequency gave the Berkians very little time to prepare for the next attack, and unlike the dragons, who had attacked on a schedule, nobody knew when the next Viking invasion was coming. The Hooligan numbers were beginning to fall, and his people were losing hope. If the fighting went on much longer his people would start leaving, he was a bit surprised nobody had so far. There was one thing Stoick was sure of, if something wasn't done soon, there would be no people to protect.

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